

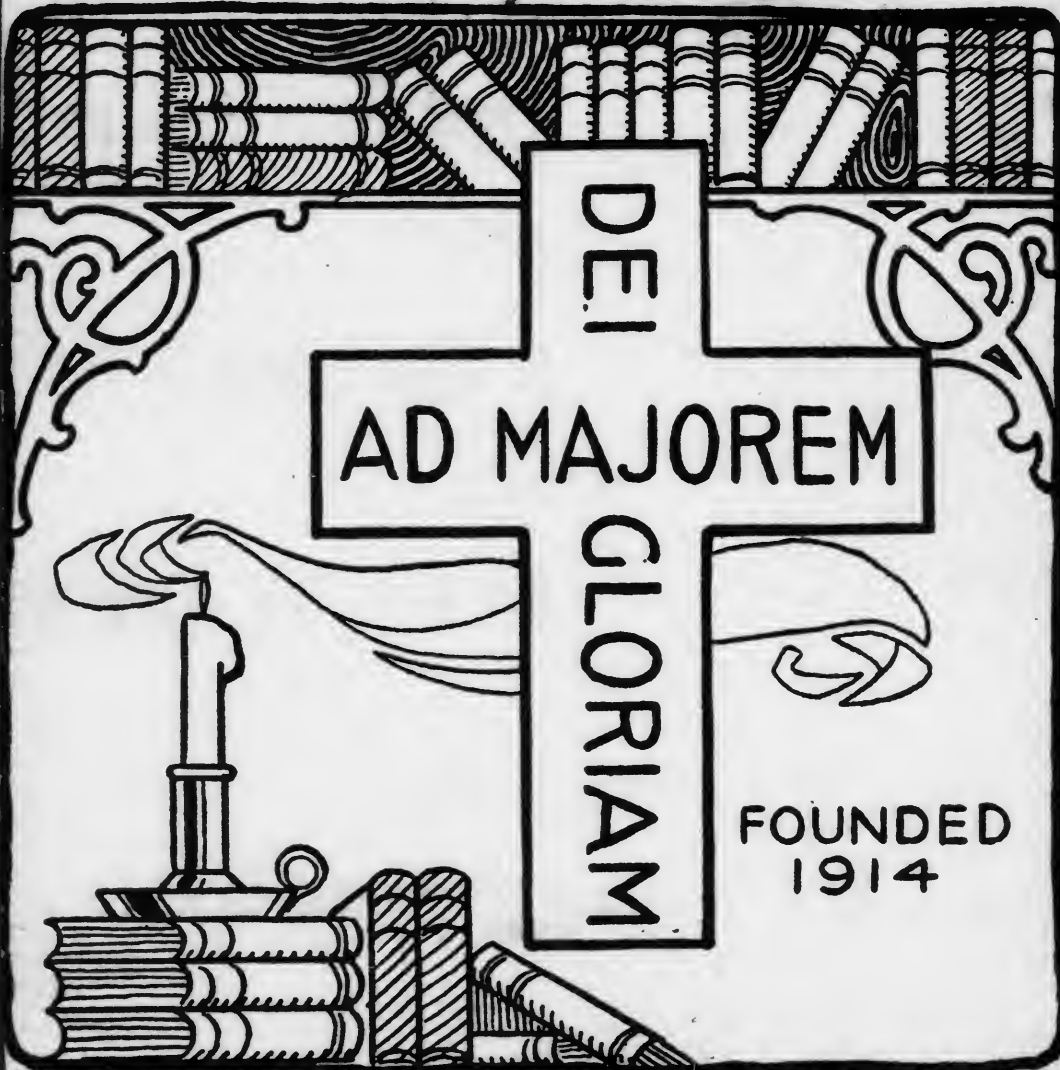
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Lorenzo Dow's
Spiritual Songs
1806

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School of Theology



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COLLECTION
OF
SPIRITUAL SONGS
USED at
The Camp Meetings
in the
GREAT REVIVAL
in the
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

selected by
LORENZO DOW

LONDON : 1806

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

&c.

SONG I.

INVITATION.

- 1 **C**OME ye sinners poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;

CHORUS.

*Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name,
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

- 2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him;

Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 4 Come ye weary heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour press'd his side,
On the bloody tree he bled for sin,
Hear him cry before he died:

- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God as man,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture true,
Let no other trust intrude.

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.

Turn to the Lord, &c.

SONG II.

- 1 THE Lord's into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing streams of grace divine,
From Jesus flow, that living vine
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,
With springs of water may be found
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blooms, the Lord is come,
To make his people join in one,
And party zeal begone.
- 3 That glorious day is rolling on,
That gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and know that grace is free,
And all mankind as well as me,
May come to Christ and live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find,
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive:
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew their Lord,
Or could but taste his gracious word,
His sweet forgiving love;
They'd rush through storms of ev'ry kind,
And leave all earthly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.

- 6 Come brethren dear who know the Lord,
 Who taste the sweets of Jesu's word,
 In Jesu's ways go on;
 Our poverty and trials here
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.
- 7 We feel that heav'n is now begun,
 It issues from the eternal throne,
 From Jesu's throne on high;
 It comes in floods we can't contain,
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we still are dry.
- 8 But when to that bright world we come,
 And all surround the glorious throne,
 We'll drink a full supply;
 Jesus will lead his ransom'd forth
 To living streams of richest worth,
 That never will run dry.
- 9 O then we'll shine, and shout and sing,
 And make the heav'nly arches ring
 When all the Saints get home;
 Come on, come on my brethren dear,
 We soon shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.
- 10 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim a mansion there;
 Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
 To meet you in the heav'nly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

SONG III.

CAMP-MEETING FAREWELL.

- 1 FAREWELL, farewell, fare you well
 My friends, I must be gone,
 I have no time to stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 'Till I a better world can view.
*Farewell, farewell, fare you well,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.

Turn to the Lord, &c.

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 I have no time to stay with you ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 'Till I a better world can view,
*Farewell, farewell, fare you well,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 My friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss;
 I leave here and travel on!
 'Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 My brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound with cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 Ere long we shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.
- 4 Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 Old Soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggl'd long and hard for heav'n;
 You've counted all things else but loss,
 Fight on the crown will soon be given;
 Fight on, fight on, fight on,
 The crown will soon be given.
- 5 Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 You blooming Sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
 Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
 'Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.
- 6 Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 Poor careless sinners too;
 It grieves my soul to leave you here;
 Eternal vengeance waits for you,
 O! turn and find salvation near;
 O turn! O turn! O turn,
 And find salvation near.

SONG IV.

UNION.

- 1 COME saints and sinners hear me tell
 The wonders of Immanuel,
 Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And gave me heavenly Union.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld me soul in ruin lye;
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no Union.
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me so that I must die,
I strove salvation for to buy,
But still I had no Union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean,
And, Oh! what seasons I have seen,
Ever since I felt this Union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always found I'd something to say,
About this heavenly Union.
- 6 I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannahs to their king
That brought their souls to Union.
- 7 O come backsliders, come away
And mind to do as well as say.
And learn to watch as well as pray.
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this Union.
- 8 We soon shall leave all things below
And quit these climes of pain and woe,
And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see and hear and know,
And feel a perfect Union.
- 9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your praise,
And give to Jesus endless praise.

And, O! my soul look on and gaze,
 He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays
 To give you heavenly Union.

- 10 Oh! could I like an Angel sound
 Salvation through the earth around,
 The Devil's kingdom to confound,
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
 And spread this glorious Union.

SONG V.

- 1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole;
 Time like the tide its motions keeps,
 And I must launch thro' endless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between!
 And whisper as they fly;
 "Unthinking man remember this,
 "Tho' fond of sublunary bliss,
 "That thou must groan and die."

- 3 My soul attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight;
 Beyond the vast expansive blue
 To sing above as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

- 4 How great the bliss, how great the woe,
 Hangs on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath;
 The Lord of nature only knows,
 Whether another year shall close,
 Ere I expire in death.

- 5 Long ere the Sun shall run his round,
 I may be buried under ground,
 And there in silence rot;
 Alas! an hour may close the scene,
 And ere twelve months shall roll between,
 My name be quite forgot.

- 6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
No—my Immortal cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?
- 7 Will mercy then her arms extend ?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace ?
- 8 A Heav'n or Hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle place ;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.
- 9 O do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
To poor unthinking man ;
Lord at thy footstool I should bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.
- 10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joys on high ;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

SONG VI.

ZION'S DESOLATION AND RECOVERY

- 1 POOR Zion lies in sore distress,
Her walls are broken down ;
The briars of the wilderness,
Her walks have overgrown.
Her palaces are desolate,
Her court's a place of owls ;

The Satyr there doth meet his mate,
And nest for other fowls.

- 2 A dreadful curse hath overspread
The land both far and wide ;
The nations mourn for lack of bread,
The springs of water dry'd.
Go, go ye priests before the Lord,
And at his altar mourn ;
That he may sheath his dreadful sword,
And let his grace return.

- 3 Methinks the clouds begin to move,
Sweet Spring is drawing near ;
The voice of the sweet Turtle Dove,
The land begins to cheer.
Methinks I hear the watchman cry,
O Zion now be bold—
With eagle's wings you soon shall fly,
The feathers ting'd with gold.

- 4 Your wall again shall be rebuilt,
Your palaces around ;
The Lord who has remov'd your guilt,
Doth rich in grace abound.
He'll pave your streets with purest gold,
Your gates with Diamonds bright ;
Your riches never can be told,
You are the Lord's delight.

- 5 Princes shall feed your flocks, and keep
With tender care the Lambs ;
They'll safely lead the older sheep,
And number all their names.

- 4 The Lord's your everlasting light,
Your mourning days are past ;
Your City is the Lord's delight,
And shall no more be waste.

- our mountains shall with honey flow,
5 L The hills with milk and wine ;
The valleys full of corn shall grow,
And pastures full of kine.
My glory shall your rereward be.
I will before you go,

Until you come, my face to see,
And all my goodness know.

- 7 My signs in heaven you shall see,
And hear my trumpets blow ;
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
By this you all may know
The year of my redeem'd is come,
To set poor Zion free :
Return, return, ye exiles home,
It is the jubilee.
- 8 My light'ning round the world shall fly,
While rumbling thunders roll ;
But you shall mount the melting sky,
And gain the happy goal—
There in a bright and flow'ry plain,
Your blazing harps shall ring ;
The Lamb that was on Calv'ry slain,
Shall sound from ev'ry string.

SONG VII.

- 1 YE happy souls whose peaceful minds,
Are free from pain and fear ;
Ye objects which kind Heav'n designs,
To make its constant care,
To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,
Press'd by my dismal fate,
O can you with me sympathize,
While I my case relate ?
- 2 I once was happy in the Lord,
My soul was in a flame ;
I did delight to hear his word,
And praise his holy name ;
His children were my heart's delight,
I lov'd their company—
I liv'd by faith both day and night,
In him who died for me.
- 3 But woe is me, those joys are past,
Those blissful scenes are o'er ;
I'm like a city quite laid waste,
To be rebuilt no more.

The Satyr there doth meet his mate,
And nest for other fowls.

- 2 A dreadful curse hath overspread
The land both far and wide ;
The nations mourn for lack of bread,
The springs of water dry'd.
Go, go ye priests before the Lord,
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I will before you go,

Until you come, my face to see,
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And praise his holy name ;
His children were my heart's delight,
I lov'd their company—
I liv'd by faith both day and night,
In him who died for me.
- 3 But woe is me, those joys are past,
Those blissful scenes are o'er ;
I'm like a city quite laid waste,
To be rebuilt no more.

In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,
 In vain I seek for rest,
 I fear the dove will ne'er return,
 To my poor troubled breast.

- 4 Alas ! alas ! where shall I go,
 Jesus from me is gone ;
 A child of sorrow, grief, and woe,
 Forever more undone.
 The gospel too, is hid from me,
 Tho' often I do hear
 The law denounces death on me,
 And thunders out despair.
- 5 My hope is fled, and faith I've none,
 God's word I cannot bear :
 My sense and reason almost gone,
 Fill'd with tormenting fear ;
 What next to do, I cannot tell,
 So keen my sorrows are—
 Without relief I sink to hell,
 To howl in long despair.
- 6 The devils waiting me around,
 To make my soul a prey ;
 I wait to hear the trumpet sound,
 " Take, take the wretch away."
 I linger, pine, I groan and sigh,
 Sleep now has left mine eyes ;
 And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,
 And that without disguise.
- 7 O that I was some bird or beast,
 Was I a stork or owl,
 Some lofty tree should bear my nest,
 Or through the desert prowl.
 But I have an immortal soul,
 Within this house of clay,
 That either must with devils howl,
 Or dwell in endless day.
- 8 One ev'ning pensive as I lay,
 Alone upon the ground,
 As I to God began to pray,
 A light shone all around.

These words with power went through my heart,
 I've come to set you free;
 Death, hell, nor grave shall never part,
 My love (my Son) from thee.

9 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,
 Glory to God I cry'd;
 My soul was filled, I cry'd, enough,
 For me the Saviour dy'd!
 The winter's past, the rain is gone,
 Sweet flowers doth appear;
 The morning's brought a glorious sun;
 That's banish'd ev'ry fear.

10 Hail brightest Prince, eternal Lord,
 That left the blazing throne;
 Eternal truth attends thy word,
 Thou art the Father's Son.
 When on the brink of hell I lay,
 Enclos'd in blackest night;
 Thou, Lord, didst hear the sinner pray,
 And brought my soul to light.

11 All you that's groaning in your chains,
 Without one spark of hope;
 Tho' inexpressible your pains,
 O still be looking up.
 The winds may blow and storms arise,
 A dark and gloomy night;
 The morning sun will clear the skies,
 With sweet prevailing light.

SONG VIII. ZION'S LIGHT.

1 ARISE, O Zion, rise and shine,
 Behold thy light is come,
 Thy glorious conqu'ring king is near,
 To take his exiles home.
 His trumpet sounding through the sky,
 To set poor captives free—
 The day of wonder now is come,
 The year of Jubilee.

2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
 The earth shall know her doom;

Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judge is come;
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood;
While ev'ry star shall disappear,
Go turn the moon to blood.

3 Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the judge appear;
All tongues and languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear:
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
And Gabriel with a silver trump,
Echoes an awful sound.

4 The glorious news of gospel grace,
To sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more.
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

SONG IX.

SECOND PART.

1 COME all my brethren, in the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one;
Hold up your heads, with courage bold;
Your race is almost run—
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling bids you come;
And angels whisp'ring you away,
To your eternal home.

2 A pilgrim on his dying bed,
With glory in his soul;
Upward he lifts his longing eyes,
Towards the blissful goal;
While friends and children weep around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

- 3 O Christians, are you ready now,
 To cross the rolling flood;
 On Canaan's happy shore, behold,
 And see your smiling God.
 The dazzling charms of those bright worlds,
 Attracts my soul above;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.
- 4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there;
 Altho' we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold and never fear.
 Fight on, fight on, ye valient souls,
 The land appears in view,
 I hope to gain sweet Canaan's shore,
 And there to meet with you.
- 5 Salvation to our conqu'ring King,
 Then let the echo rise;
 While the repeat is sung above,
 By armies in the skies.
 O Christians help me, praise the Lamb,
 Who died for you and me;
 We'll sing the praises as we go,
 And shout eternally.
- 6 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 Until we meet again;
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise,
 Above the fiery main,
 We'll join the royal armies bright.
 In presence of the Lamb;
 We'll tune our harps, and sing free grace,
 In love's eternal flame.

SONG X. THE HOLY WAR.

- 1 COME all my partners in distress,
 Ye travellers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;
 Be ready now for all alarms,
 Gird on your helmets and your arms,
 Our captain's gone before.

- 2 Apollyon's armies we must fight,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
To gain that heavenly land.
Come on, ye soldiers in the rear,
Be stout and bold and never fear,
Come join the conqu'ring band.
- 3 King Jesu's banners mounted high,
And colours of sweet liberty,
Behold each glitt'ring star.
Hark! the watchmen wind their horn,
The echo sounds each soul to warn,
To Zion's glorious war.
- 4 The watchmen march around the wall,
In close array the armies all,
And boast their thousands slain.
In triumph hark the soldiers cry,
Thro' Christ, we'll all our foes defy,
And count their malice vain.
- 5 We'll shout above the fiery void,
And view the earth in flames destroy'd,
And tune our harps of gold.
Salvation to our glorious King,
We'll make the heav'nly mansions ring,
Thro' ages yet untold.
- 6 We've fought Apollyon and his crew,
And all his armies overthrew,
Deep in the burning flood.
Strike, strike your harps, ye angels bright,
And fall transported at the sight,
Of Christ your conqu'ring God.
- 7 We'll sit on thrones of glory bright,
When perfect day excludes the night,
Above the etherial blue.
With glitt'ring crowns upon our heads,
With him we'll rest on flowery beds,
Our pleasures ever new.
- 8 No nauseous thing for us to fear,
No sin nor pain can enter there,
To interrupt our peace.

But drink and swim in seas of love,
 God's perfect holiness to prove,
 And glory still increase.

PART II. SONG XI.

- 1 O CHRISTIANS don't you want to go,
 And leave your cares and fears below,
 To see that heav'nly place—
 And never to return again,
 To this dark world of sin and pain,
 From his sweet smiling face.
- 2 O sinners, what think you of this?
 Ye restless wand'ers after bliss,
 Stop and no longer roam.
 The road you're in leads down to hell,
 Where fury, flames, and dragon's dwell,
 Where hope can never come.
- 3 Hark, from the skies your Saviour cries,
 And stands your bleeding sacrifice,
 And offers you his love.
 Sinners awake! see your mistake,
 And strive to shun the fiery lake,
 And reign with him above.
- 4 Hark! how the gospel trumpet charms,
 Enlist with Christ, take up your arms,
 Gird on your sword and shield;
 While glory bright inspires the fight,
 We'll slay the bloody sons of night,
 And thus we'll take the field.
- 5 O then we'll meet our blessed Lord,
 When we'll not need a shield or sword,
 But nobler hours employ.
 When millions of bright years are gone,
 Eternity is just begun,
 Of never ending joy.
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
 Who made the ocean, earth, and sky,
 Glory to him be given.
 I long to see my gracious King,
 My soul's now rising while I sing,
 To scale the mount of heaven.

- 7 I long to gain the mountain's height,
 To see the Lord, my soul's delight;
 I'm flaming with desire,
 To join the dazzling armies bright,
 Ten thousand thousand cloth'd in white,
 In blazing worlds of fire.

SONG XII. THE DYING PILGRIM.

- 1 MY soul's full of glory
 Which inspires my tongue,
 Could I meet with angels
 I'd sing them a song.
 I'd sing of my Jesus
 And tell of his charms,
 And beg them to bear me
 To his loving arms.
- 2 Methinks they're descending
 To hear while I sing,
 Well pleased to hear mortals
 When praising their king.
 O Angels! O Angels!
 My soul's in a flame,
 I faint in sweet raptures
 At Jesus's name.
- 3 O Jesus! O Jesus!
 Thou balm of my soul,
 'Twas thou my dear Saviour,
 That made my heart whole.
 O bring me to view thee
 Thou precious sweet King;
 In oceans of glory
 Thy praises to sing.
- 4 O heaven, sweet heaven,
 I long to be there,
 To meet all my brethren
 And Jesus so dear.
 Come Angels, come Angels,
 I'm ready to fly,
 Come quickly, convey me
 To God in the sky.

- 5 Sweet spirits attend me
 Till Jesus shall come;
 Protect and defend me
 Till I am call'd home.
 Tho' worms my poor body
 May claim as their prey,
 'Twill outshine when rising,
 The sun at mid-day.
- 6 The sun may be darken'd,
 The moon turn'd to blood,
 The mountains all melting
 At the presence of God.
 Red light'nings a blazing,
 Loud thunders may roar;
 All this cannot daunt me
 On Canaan's sweet shore.
- 7 A glimpse of bright glory
 O'erpowers my soul,
 I sink in sweet vision
 To view the bright goal.
 My soul while I'm singing
 Is leaping to go;
 This moment for heaven
 I'd leave all below.
- 8 Farewell, my dear brethren,
 My Lord bids me come,
 Farewell my dear children,
 I'm now going home;
 Bright angels are whisp'ring
 So sweet in my ear,
 Away to thy Saviour
 Thy spirit we'll bear.
- 9 I'm going, I'm going,
 But what do I see;
 'Tis Jesus in glory
 Appears unto me.
 To heaven, to heaven
 I'm gone, I am gone,
 O glory, O glory,
 'Tis done, it is done.

- 10 To regions of glory
 The spirit is fled,
 And left the poor body
 Inactive and dead;
 With angelic armies
 In glory to blaze,
 On Jesus's beauties
 For ever to gaze.
- 11 When the sixth seal shall open
 The trumpet shall sound,
 To awake God's dear children
 Who sleep under ground;
 Their souls and their bodies
 Shall then join in one,
 And each from their Saviour
 Receive a bright crown.

SONG XIII.

- 1 THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the rising sun;
 The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's foundation bend,
 Adorn'd as a bride Jerusalem,
 All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King who wears the glorious crown,
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down,
 To bless the church below;
 When Zion's bleeding conquering King,
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars shall t'gether sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy bright musician band,
 Who sing on harps of gold,
 Just by the course along they stand,
 Their gentle numbers roll;
 Descending with such melting strains,
 Jehovah they adore,
 Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains,
 Were never heard before.

- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his reign is long;
 Tho' Saints are feeble, weak and poor;
 Their great Redeemer's strong;
 In storms he is our hiding place,
 A covert from the wind;
 A stream from the rock in the wilderness,
 Runs thro' this weary land.
- 5 This chrystal stream runs down from heaven,
 It issues from the throne:
 The floods of strife away are driven.
 The church becomes but one;
 That peaceful union she shall know,
 And live upon his love;
 And shout and sing his name below,
 As Angels do above.
- 6 A thousand years shall roll around—
 The church shall be complete;
 Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
 Their Saviour for to meet:
 They rise with joy and mount on high,
 They fly to Jesu's arms;
 And gaze with wonder and delight,
 On their beloved's charms.
- 7 Like apples fair his beauties are,
 To feed and cheer the mind;
 No earthly fruit doth so recruit,
 Nor flaggon's full of wine,
 Their troubles o'er, they'll grieve no more,
 But sing in streams of joy;
 In raptures sweet and bliss complete,
 They'll feast and never cloy.

SONG XIV. THE ZION TRAVELLER.

- 1 YE weary heavy laden'd souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers thro' the wilderness
 To Canaan's peaceful shore,
 Thro' chilling winds and beating rains,
 The waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you—
 Take courage and be bold.

- 2 Tho' storms and hurricanes arise
 The desert all around,
 And fiery serpents oft appear,
 Thro' the enchanting ground;
 Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear,
 And dragons often roar;
 But while the gospel trump we hear,
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
 Who mourns her absent mate
 From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
 Her sorrows to relate.
 But Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on,
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
 Black *Jordan's billows roar;
 Which often makes the pilgrims fear
 They never will get o'er.
 But let us gain Mount Pisgah's top,
 And view the vernal plain,
 To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
 And hell may rage in vain.
- 5 Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land,
 The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.
 The win'try time is past and gone,
 Sweet flowers doth appear,
 The fiftieth year has now roll'd round.
 The great Sabbatic year.
- 6 O what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes,
 Methinks I see Jerusalem
 A city in the skies!
 Bright angels whisp'ring me away,
 O come, my brother come;
 And I am willing to begone
 To my eternal home.

7 By faith I see my gracious God,
 On his eternal throne,
 At his right hand the loving Lamb,
 The Spirit Three in One,
 O that my faith was strong to rise
 And bear my soul away;
 I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
 In one eternal day.

8 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
 Who are to Canaan bound;
 And should we never meet again,
 Till Jubal's trump shall sound,
 I hope that I shall meet you there,
 On that delightful shore,
 In oceans of eternal bliss,
 Where parting is no more,

SONG XV. THE JUBILEE.

- 1 What sound is this salutes my ear,
 Methinks its Jubal's trump I hear,
 Long look'd for now is come—
 It shakes the heavens, earth, and sea,
 Proclaims the year of Jubilee,
 Return ye exiles home.
- 2 Behold the New Jerusalem
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear—
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
 To meet the bridegroom now she comes,
 And hails the Jubile year.
- 3 King Jesus takes her in his arms,
 Transported with his lovely charms,
 She thus begins to sing—
 "The howling winter's gone and past,
 "The smiling season's come at last:
 "Behold the rosy spring."
- 4 As lark and linnet gladly sing,
 While hills and valleys round them ring;
 Scap'd from the fowler's snare,
 One thousand years she here shall dwell,
 And sing while Satan's chain'd in hell,
 Which ends the Jubile year.

- 5 The dragon is let loose once more,
 All round the earth his trumpets roar,
 And is for war again—
 But he that sits upon the throne,
 Drives Satan and his armies down
 To plough the fiery main.
- 6 The seventh trumpet we shall hear,
 The great white throne shall then appear,
 Ten thousand angels round.
 Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
 Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
 And burns the solid ground.
- 7 Arise ye nations and come forth,
 From east and west, from south and north,
 Behold the judge is come.
 What horror strikes each guilty breast,
 Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
 And hear their final doom.
- 8 “ Depart ye cursed down to hell,
 “ With howling fiends for ever dwell,
 “ No more to see my face.
 “ My gospel calls ye have withstood,
 “ And trampled on my precious blood,
 “ And laugh'd at offer'd grace.
- 9 See parents and their children part,
 Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
 Never to meet again.
 In fiery chariots Zion flies,
 And quickly gains the upper skies,
 On Canaan's dazzling plain.
- 10 My soul is struggling to be there,
 I long to rise and wing the air,
 To trace the heav'nly road.
 Adieu, adieu all earthly things.
 O that I had some Angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.

SONG XVI. ZION'S VOLUNTEER.

- 1 HARK, listen to the trumpeters,
They sound for volunteers ;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold the officers—
Their horses white, their garments bright,
With crown and bow they stand ;
Inlisting soldiers for the King,
To march for Canaan's land.
- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier I will be ;
I will inlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no tories in their band,
'That will their colours fly ;
But call for valiant-hearted men,
That's not afraid to die.
- 3 The Armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear ;
All dress'd and arm'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their brave general,
'The great Eternal Lamb ;
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.
- 4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of Hell,
How dreadful is our God in arms,
'The great Immanuel—
Sinners inlist with Jesus Christ,
Th' Eternal Son of God ;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow ;
All cloth'd in white, with Angels bright,
And our Redeemer know,
We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world,

But Satan and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

- 6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky.
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire;
And meet around the starry throne,
To tune th' immortal lyre.

SONG XVII. THE HAPPY SICK MAN.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.
2. While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain, and smart;
Of times those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart.
In darkest shadows of the night,
Faith mounts the upper sky;
I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die.
3. I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Tho' Satan rages all the while,
I still the triumph sing.
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.
- 4 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heav'nly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.

My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea ;
 The glorious hope of endless rest
 Is ravishing to me.

5. Oh ! come my Saviour, come away,
 And bear me through the sky ;
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
 Make haste and bring it nigh.
 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thine image shine ;
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be forever thine.

6. Then I will tune my harp of gold,
 To my eternal King ;
 Thro' ages that can ne'er be told,
 I'll make his praises ring.
 All hail, eternal Son of God,
 Who dy'd on Calvary ;
 And sav'd me with thy precious blood,
 From endless misery.

7. Ten thousand thousand join in one,
 To praise th' eternal Three ;
 Prostrate before the blazing throne,
 In deep humility.
 They rise and tune their harps of gold,
 And sweep the immortal lyre ;
 And ages that can ne'er be told,
 Shall raise thy praises higher.

SONG XVIII. THE PILGRIM AND APOLLYON.

1. COME all ye wand'ring Pilgrims dear,
 Who are to Canaan bound ;
 Take courage and fight valiantly,
 Obey the trumpet's sound.
 Our captain has before us gone,
 It's God's eternal Son ;
 Then Pilgrim's dear, pray don't you fear,
 But let us follow on.

2. Thro' dark howling wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;

A land of drought, of pits, and snares
 Where chilling winds doth roar.
 But Jesus Christ shall with us go,
 And lead us by the way ;
 Should enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.

Apollyon.

- 3 Good morning, brother traveller,
 Pray tell me what's your name ?
 And where is it you're travelling to ?
 Also, from whence you came ?

Pilgrim.

My name it is the Pilgrim bold,
 To Canaan I am bound ;
 I'm from the howling wilderness,
 And the enchanted ground.

Apollyon.

- 4 Pray what is that upon your head
 That shines so clear and bright ?
 Also the cov'ring of your breast,
 So dazzling to my sight ?
 What kind of shoes are them you wear,
 On which you boldly stand ?
 Likewise the shining instrument,
 You bear in your right hand ?

Pilgrim.

- 5 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
 And on my breast, my shield ;
 With this bright sword I mean to fight
 Until I win the field.
 My feet are shod with gospel peace,
 On which I boldly stand,
 And I'm resolved to fight till death,
 And win fair Canaan's land.

Apollyon.

- 6 You'd better stay with me young man,
 And give your journey o'er ;
 Your Captain now is out of sight,
 His face you'll see no more.
 Apollyon, sir, I am by name,
 This land belongs to me ;

And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

Pilgrim.

7. O no, reply'd the Pilgrim bold,
Your offer I disdain ;
A glitt'ring crown of righteousness,
I shortly shall obtain.
O, if I only faithful prove,
To my dear Lord's commands,
I jointly shall be heir with him,
To Canaan's richest lands.
8. The pleasant fields in Canaan's land,
Are beauteous to behold ;
The vallies cloth'd with living green,
The mountains ting'd with gold—
The trees of life with heav'nly fruit,
Behold how thick they stand ;
Blow gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

SONG XIX. SECOND PART.

PILGRIM'S VICTORY.

1. Salvation in sweet purling streams,
Thro' Canaan's land doth roll,
Proceeding from the throne of God,
To bathe a pilgrim's soul.
Ten thousand thousand crowns of gold,
All set with diamonds bright ;
And there my smiling Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.
2. Come all ye mourning travellers,
Fresh courage take from me—
Meanwhile I'll tell you how, my friends
This land I came to see.
Thro' Christ, the glorious telescope,
I view'd the worlds above,
And God the Father dress'd in smiles,
Who fill'd my soul with love.
3. My soul's on fire with warm desire,
To see Jerusalem ;

The city bright, the saint's delight,
Whose keeper is the Lamb.

A holy flame runs thro' my frame,
Methinks the King I see,
In glory bright, cloth'd all in light
And immortality.

- 4 My soul, what glories doth appear,
Throughout that land to thee,
There all the saints are cloth'd in white,
And walk in liberty;
The Father, Son, and Spirit One,
In blazing glories shine,
With countless harps and flaming tongues
Employ'd in hymns divine.
- 5 Brave soldiers dear, pray don't you fear,
Our Captain is above ;
Behold him stand, at God's right hand,
His bowels melt with love.
He'll soon appear, and us prepare,
To cross the rolling flood ;
Then up we'll fly with wings of joy,
To see our smiling God.

SONG XX.

THE MORNING VISION, OR PHILOSOPHER CONVERTED.

- 1 I WALKED forth one morning fair,
Aurora gently fann'd the air ;
And scatter'd odours in the breeze,
From dropping gums and blooming trees.
- 2 The hills and vallies did abound,
With feather'd songsters all around ;
Their various artless notes did ring,
To welcome in the cheerful spring.
- 3 The earth was cloth'd in vernal hue,
And flow'rs sprink'd with morning dew ;
All nature smiling to behold,
The rising sun with beams of gold,
- 4 Surveying nature's drama round,
The scene with wonders did abound.

Meanwhile my lab'ring eyes were charm'd,
An inward voice my soul alarm'd.

- 5 " Could you all nature comprehend,
" You'd better learn to know thy end;
" Those beauties which you now survey,
" Shall, like thyself, soon fade away.
- 6 " But death alone is not your doom;
" You surely must to judgment come;
" How will you stand before the Lord,
" When he unsheaths his flaming sword.
- 7 " When hills and mountains all are fled,
" Where will you hide your guilty head;
" O wretched man where will you rove?
" You've slighted a Redeemer's love."
- 8 Black horror seiz'd my guilty heart,
Thro' ev'ry vein I felt the smart;
I fell and almost lost my breath,
And thought I soon should sink in death.
- 9 The little birds from spray to spray,
Were hymning praises all the day,
In artless anthems to their God,
But I despis'd a Saviour's blood.
- 10 If I had dy'd when I was young,
I now should with mine infant tongue,
Be praising of my God on high,
But here in guilty chains I lie.
- 11 Thus trembling o'er the gulf I lay,
But dare not move my lips to pray;
I thought I was for ever curs'd,
My guilty heart was fit to burst.
- 12 My scarlet crimes did now appear,
Which sunk my soul in black despair;
My dreadful pains no tongue can tell,
I thought I felt the flames of hell.
- 13 I thought I saw the burning lake;
My frighted soul began to quake;
I cried aloud, Lord must I go,
To languish in eternal woe.

- 14 I heard a noise like thunder roll,
Which did affright my guilty soul;
I thought the dreadful day was come,
That I should hear my final doom.
- 15 To my amazement and surprize,
I saw a cloud descend the skies,
And on the cloud appeared One,
Who fairer was than chrystal stone.
- 16 His curling locks were snowy white,
His garments were exceeding bright;
The sun look'd dim before his face,
His feet were like the burnish'd brass.
- 17 He spake and light'ning stream'd around,
He says, " I have a ransom found;
" I bought your ransom on the tree,
" And came to set your spirit free.
- 18 My heart rebounded like a roe,
And glory through my soul did flow;
My sins were gone, and I was free,
And knew my Saviour dy'd for me.
- 19 I leap'd and shouted out aloud,
And long'd for wings to reach the cloud;
To catch my Saviour in my arms,
And gaze forever on his charms.
- 20 Meanwhile I thus rejoicing stood,
He like a flaming cherub rode:
To heaven again he took his flight,
And quickly vanish'd out of sight.
- 21 But still I felt the heavenly flame,
And sung aloud in Jesu's name.
I felt the all-atoning blood,
And knew that I was born of God.

SONG XXI.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And Cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

- 2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow:
All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

- 3 No chilling wind nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness, and sorrow pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

- 4 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul,
Can here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire:
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

SONG XXII.

- 1 WAND'RING Pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd;
Christ hath sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you;
Come, the rich provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace:

If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,
 Only come to Christ and ask him,
 He will guide your feet always.

3 If, like Bartimeus blinded;
 You bewail the want of sight,
 Cry to Jesus son of David,
 He will give you gospel light;
 If, like Mary, you've been keeping
 Sev'n devils in your embrace,
 Fly, like her, to Jesus weeping;
 He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart be unbelieving,
 Doubting Jesu's pard'ning love,
 Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting
 Till the troubled waters move,
 If no one appear to help you,
 All their efforts prove but talk;
 Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you:
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

5 If, like Peter, you are sinking
 In the sea of unbelief,
 Wait with patience, constant praying,
 Christ will grant you sweet relief;
 He will give you grace and glory;
 All your wants shall be supply'd:
 Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.

6 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ shall guide you thro' the gloom,
 Down he'll send a heav'nly concert,
 To convey you to his home:
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from ev'ry want and care;
 Come, Oh! come, my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

SONG XXIII. LORENZO DOW.

- 1 O ! THAT poor sinners did but know,
What I for them oft undergo,
Of God I'm call'd to bear the news,
To Heathens, Gentiles, and to Jews.
- 2 Bear with me now while I shall tell
What my poor heart doth often feel ;
I've left behind my friends—my all,
Upon poor sinners for to call.
- 3 O shall I stop with my complaints,
And tell no more to God's dear saints,
How often times my heart is broke,
Because my parents are forsook !
- 4 It's now and then I do them see,
Which is a small comfort to me ;
But with them soon must part again,
Which gives to my poor heart fresh pain.
- 5 In sultry glebes I often pant,
Smothers arise, and make me faint ;
The scorching sun beats down so fair,
I long for one sweet breath of air.
- 6 Often with hunger I grow faint,
Riding a distance almost spent ;
My money's out, I cannot buy,
Was I to suffer now, and die.
- 7 Through creeks and rivers swift and wide,
Both high and low I have to ride ;
Perhaps beat down sometime, before
I can reach safe the other shore.
- 8 The clouds arise, and thunders break,
The ground I feel beneath me shake ;
The mountains tremble at the sound ;
And wet all through I'm often found.
- 9 Sometimes in open houses sleep,
Or in some little place I creep ;
Or cannot sleep for want of clothes,—
Smother'd in smoke,—or almost froze.

- 10 Sometimes I with false brethren meet,
Whose hearts are full of vain deceit;
They seem affectionate at first,
Yet of all men, these are the worst.
- 11 My brethren in the flesh cry out,
" I wonder what he is about !
" Why does he so fatigue his life ?
" I do not think he loves his wife ?"
- 12 But, Oh ! if they would look around,
They'd know why I'm thus often found ;
A view of souls expos'd to hell
Has made me bid my friends farewell.
- 13 The worth of souls lies near my heart,
Which causes me with all to part ;
Both parents, brethren, sisters, all,
Upon poor sinners for to call.
- 14 O may the Lord be with my mouth,
While I am trav'ling north and south ;
And greatly bless my ev'ry word,
That sinners may turn to the Lord.
- 15 Then when I've done my work below
I'll gladly quit this vale of woe,
And mount above the lofty sky
To dwell with God eternally.

FINIS.

